

## TED, THE TWIRLER

The White Star team had taken the field against the American Boys. I, as umpire, was just ready to call the game, when the captain of the Stars called me aside and nervously told me that his pitcher had failed to appear.

"Have you no substitute?" I asked.

Just then Ted Narvalo, short-stop for the Stars, came up.

"Let Jimmy Riggins take short-stop and put me in the box," he answered at once. "I have practiced pitching with Bill a good deal, and have a few originals I'd like to spring."

"If you can do it, Ted, do," cried Zemar, eagerly.

Ted took the box. As he prepared to pitch the first ball, I noticed him start, gaze intently at the grand stand a second, and let go the first of those terrific curves which were destined to win him the enviable cognomen of "Ted, the Twirler."

Following his eye, I saw, seated well in the front of the grand stand, a maiden of some 18 summers; it was enough to inspire any player.

And Ted was certainly inspired. Foe after foe he mowed down with curves so swift and so puzzling that I, myself, was sometimes at a loss whether they were balls or strikes. However, owing to an error, the American Boys had made a score and had played with such skill that the Stars could not pass. One and one they stood at the beginning of the ninth.

Messiner, of the Bays, came to the bat. He fanned, but Ted was getting tired.

Next came Legeral, who lined a pretty one over third base and took first. Baker followed with a similar stunt that sent Legeral to second. Overman advanced them another sack and the bases were full. Jerome took the stick. He was confident; Ted was weakening. In vain did the captain exhort. In vain did the rooters demand. But with a sudden awakening Ted looked toward the grand stand.

Leaning far over the seat in front of her and watching every move of the pitcher, was the maiden, and I saw the flush of renewed vigor mount his cheek. With freshened strength he clutched the ball. Jerome fanned the air and looked dazed. The fans were wild. But in the midst Ted looked only for the little handkerchief in the grand stand, and it was there. "Two strikes!" I was almost too excited to call it.

Again the little lace handkerchief fluttered in the grand stand, and again with ever increasing force the sphere sped over the home plate and the hopes of the Boys died like a flash.

But the game was only half won. Another score was necessary before victory would perch on the pennant of the Stars.

But only for a second. Ted Narvalo took the bat and another burst of enthusiasm rent the air. Would he make good?

The first one came and with all